

Suffering For Your Sake

by Chorophobic

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Summary: Upon dying Light comes to the realization that being unable to go to heaven or hell means that he is now stuck being a ghost. And worse yet, L is also currently a ghost, who, most regrettably, wishes to keep him company in the afterlife. And L's company is, as always, far worse than hell could ever hope to be. *LxL*

Suffering For Your Sake

Another afterlife based fanfic that ignores the fact that the Death Note universe has neither a heaven nor a hell. Forgive me.

* * *

><p>Light had never really paid much thought to Ryuk's cautionary words the first time they met. The circumstances of his afterlife were of no importance to him. As he endeavored to become a god the concept of dying became more and more absurd and frivolous until it began to feel as though he were destined to live forever just as a true god would. Of course, the genius inside of him knew that could never be the case, but it still hardly mattered. He lived with a single goal and expected a single result. This outcome was not one that he had planned for. And, having reached an outcome like this, all but the feeling of crushing defeat was inconsequential. The loss of his life, that was not truly what had given way to the anguish in his chest, no, it was caused more by the loss of everything that he had strived for in that life becoming an impossible, fragmented dream. If he stopped existing, if that was truly what not being permitted to go to heaven or hell meant, then he would welcome it. His existence was drawn-out and wasteful. He had failed. He was not a god. And therefore, he found himself highly unnecessary and disposable.<p>

So when he opened his eyes and found that his interpretation of an exclusion from the two most commonly accepted realms of the afterlife

was false, he felt nothing but pure exasperation and exhaustion.

He was perplexed by his surroundings, noting that he was still in the same general area that he had been in when he died. He didn't feel something so clichÃ© as a hope that he was perhaps still alive, he couldn't feel the ground underneath his feet, and he could see his corpse still lying limply on the staircase next to him, so he knew that there was truly no need for such juvenile optimism. He was dead. Plain and simple.

There was really only one theory he could reasonably accept. He was now what most would call, a "ghost". He had never really believed in such a phenomenon when he was alive, but just as he had quickly come to accept the undeniable existence of Shinigami, he would have to learn to accept his own current state of existence.

He stared blankly at his own body for far too long, not knowing what else to do at this point. A sudden shout of, "He's in here!" tugged at his attention and his gaze quickly moved to the group of familiar men rushing towards the staircase. Matsuda followed Aizawa's lead as though in a trance, rapidly climbing up the staircase after him with an expression on his face that hinted at a complete lack of understanding for the event taking place around him. Aizawa, however, moved with a definitive purpose, as he crouched next to the body, placed his fingers against Light's neck, and waited for a brief moment before gazing up at Matsuda with a frown. He shook his head, and Matsuda slowly closed his eyes, stumbled backwards a step, and tightly gripped the railing behind him.

"He's really..." Matsuda mumbled, his eyes still closed, as he cocked his head back to rest it against the nearby wall.

"Yeah," Aizawa whispered, his voice both furious and broken, "He's dead. Kira is dead." His last statement seemed to be more for his own benefit than anyone else's, he was still frozen with his fingers against Light's skin, as though maybe if he waited long enough Light's heart would magically start up again as a reward for his patience. Finally he sighed, and rose to his feet, clapping his hand down on Matsuda's shoulder in a weak attempt at comforting him.

Light watched the scene play out with gritted teeth, disbelieving that the very man that had caused his death would have the gall to grieve for him. He hated them. He hated them all so much for being such a bunch of blind fools that had done nothing but hold him back and ignore the valiancy of his goals. He didn't want to be here anymore. He didn't want to watch this.

He felt oh so weak. He was far more powerless than he had ever been and his vulnerability was now beginning to manifest itself through his emotions. He could feel his likely now merely metaphorical heart burst at the sight before him. He turned away from it, giving in to his pitifulness in hopes of saving himself from further misery. As he rapidly began to make his way out of the building, he felt a sudden weight on his left shoulder. The feeling was quite unexpected, as he had been under the belief that he could feel no stimulation but that of his own touch. He glanced over at said shoulder and felt his eyes widen in surprise as he saw a hand clapped down against it, just as Aizawa had done to Matsuda mere moments before.

A weak attempt at comfort. This time intended for him.

He was at first shocked by the fact that someone was actually aware of his presence, but as his eyes traveled to that someone's face, his astonishment grew.

"L?" he whispered, his voice so quiet and soft that he could hardly recognize it as his own.

L stayed painfully silent for a moment, as though carefully considering how to respond to his title being spoken aloud. He finally pulled his hand off of Light's shoulder, placed his thumbnail inside of his mouth, and slowly began to nibble on it in a gesture so familiar that Light couldn't help but feel somehow at ease with it. "Hello, Light-kun," L whispered, his voice just as alien to Light's ears. He had never expected to hear that voice again, and in fact, he had not wanted to hear it again, but at the moment he was merely overwhelmed by such an interesting development as this that he could not help but bask in the sound of it.

"L," Light repeated, foolishly, as though he were once more an infant only able to repeat the same noise over and over again.

L's lips curved upwards a bit, as he obviously fought the urge to grin at Light's pathetic behavior. "Light-kun, death is not a very pleasurable experience, is it?"

Even in his worn-out, dazed state of mind, Light knew L's purpose for this statement. He was not actually trying to comfort him, he was trying to put him in his place. Trying to tell him that he deserved such a fate given that he had been the one to drag L to his own grave. Perhaps he was recognizing the fact that in the end, they had both lost.

Light felt his inner turmoil reach a boiling point as his emotions escalated to the height that they had reached inside of the Yellow Box Warehouse. "Shut up, I don't know why the hell you're here, L, but I am in no mood to be lectured by you!" he yelled, clenching his fists until he could feel the odd sensation of his nails painlessly digging into the palms of his hands.

L's expression remained unchanged through Light's outburst, he simply watched him rant with a look of vague amusement, and waited until the deceased mass-murderer had made his point before he opened his mouth to refute him. "My intention is not to lecture you, Light-kun. I was merely hoping to create a sense of comradery between us."

Light's stern glare softened as his facial features gave way to pure puzzlement. "Comradery?" he asked, his tone loud and comically flabbergasted.

"Yes, comradery," L repeated, smiling at him awkwardly, "I will admit that I have been waiting around for you to die since I met such a fate myself. And though yes, I did yearn for your demise as a form of just rewards for your merciless crimes, I also thought that it would perhaps be satisfying to have the opportunity to speak to you once more."

"What do you want, L?" Light muttered, his patience wearing thin as he wished more and more for time by himself to grieve for the loss of

his life and aspirations.

"I just told you, Light-kun. It seems that your intelligence has lessened postmortem..."

"Shut up."

"Ah, and such a limited vocabulary you now possess..."

"Piss off," Light growled, turning around and beginning to walk away again. He had gotten too caught up in the shock of coming in contact with L's spirit that he had lost sight of the reality of his present situation. L was still an ass. And as he realized this he wondered why he had done nothing but stand around as his adversary attempted to make light of his passing. It was idiotic really. Even the expiry of his existential purpose did not mean that he had to deal with this shit.

"Please wait, Light-kun," L whispered, his hand once more tugging on Light's shoulder. "My previous behavior has been erroneous, and I hope that you will excuse me for not knowing quite how to handle this set of circumstances. Truthfully, I meant to inform you that I understand better than anyone what you are currently going through, and that I find it rather unfortunate that it had to end this way." His smile had faded, and his lips were now being tugged in the opposite direction. He looked somber, which though more unbelievable, was far more appropriate for the occasion.

"You just told me that you wanted me to die, don't go trying to eat your words now, L." Light continued moving forward, but he was well aware that L was still trailing after him.

"I wanted you to die because you were Kira, but that does not mean that I am not pained that the only way to end Kira's reign of terror was for my friend, Light Yagami to lose his life. Light-kun, you were not a good person, your belief system was built upon childish ideals and selfish desires, but I can no longer find it within myself to care. You were truly my friend," L's smile returned as he said the final word, but it was no longer a demeaning smirk, no, it was now far more genuine than that. "You are still my friend, and I hope that I will be able to somehow ease the weight of your death and help you to move forward, because, evidently, you have no other choice but to do just that."

Light gazed at L with an expressionless face, trying to figure out what his ulterior motives were. He was dismayed to find that he was stumped.

"Why do you care about the quality of my afterlife?" Light asked, his voice still as cold and venomous as ever.

"Light-kun is a horrible listener. I already told you that you are my friend, please try to remember this, as I am growing quite tired of having to repeat myself."

"That doesn't make any damn sense, L. We both know that our 'friendship' was a faÃ§ade and that I'm the reason you're dead. So drop the act and tell me what you're really after."

"I think you were the only one with a script, Light-kun. I was always

genuinely fond of you. I am not so vain as to hate you because you have always felt such resentment towards me, I believe that you were corrupted by power and that now that you have lost that power, you will be able to eventually revert back to the person that you once were."

Light rolled his eyes, shaking his head as he sighed, "I wouldn't bet on that if I were you, L. Just because I failed does not mean that I now think my beliefs were wrong."

L frowned at him, a flash of disappointment evident in his eyes. "I have chosen to abandon logic for once and allow myself to have faith in my friend. I would appreciate if you would please not so readily make a mockery of my decision."

Light sighed again, but this time it seemed less like it was forced for the sake of dramatics and more as though it was due to fatigue. "How long are you planning to tag along with me, L?"

"Not too long, Light-kun. You needn't worry about having to spend an eternity with me, I plan to make my departure as soon as Misa Amane joins you in death."

"That could take forever! And why the hell does Misa's death serve any importance?"

"How very cold, Light-kun. Were you not engaged to be married to her?"

"Stop it with the ignorant jackass performance, you know very well what the reason for my relationship with Misa was."

"Hm, yes I will admit that I am aware that your feelings towards Misa were as fake as your friendship towards me, but her feelings towards you were not. She once said that she could not imagine a world without you, correct?" he didn't wait for an answer before he finished off by saying, "There is an 74% chance that Misa Amane will soon commit suicide, and whether you care for her or not, she will be a good source of eternal companionship for you."

"No way am I going to spend eternity with Misa," Light mumbled, biting his lip in agony at the thought of such a fate.

"Would you rather spend eternity with me?"

"Not a chance."

"Exactly."

Light crossed his arms over his chest, dismayed by the notion of having to exist for eternity in and of itself. "I don't think you're presenting me with all of my options, L. I know plenty of deceased people whose company is far more preferable than yours."

"Oh really, Light-kun? Such as Kiyomi Takada? Teru Mikami? Or perhaps...Soichiro Yagami? You are responsible for the death of every deceased person that you know, has that thought occurred to you, Light-kun? This world is full of nothing but people that despise you."

Light's eyes began to shake as L's words sunk in, "My dad...he despises me?"

"No, Light-kun. Your father departed from this world with my assurance that you were in fact innocent. I feel deeply ashamed that I lied to a man who deserved only honesty and respect, but when he died and I was given one final chance to speak with him before he moved on; I could only allow myself to pat him on the back and tell him that I had been watching over his son and knew for a fact that he was innocent and would continue to strive whole-heartedly to catch Kira and avenge his father's death. I thought that it was better that he not know the truth, that he deserved to proceed peacefully, but now I cannot help but consider that my actions may have lined up too closely with your ideals of doing the wrong thing for the right reasons..." L stared at the ground, and thoughtfully bit at his thumbnail, "Though of course my lie did not lead to anyone's death so I suppose that I need not feel too regretful."

Light knew that he should be pleased with L's decision, his father was still unaware that he was Kira, and he should be glad for that, but yet...L's words did hit their mark, if only a bit. He couldn't help but think of his father remaining forever ignorant and proud of the son that had slowly dug a grave under his feet. Light had never intended for his father to die, and he was horrified by his death, even as he thought of it as a necessary sacrifice for the benefit of all the world. Suddenly another portion of L's speech dawned on him, "Wait, L, what do you mean he moved on? Where is he?"

L's solemn expression rapidly transformed back into an arrogant smirk as he said, "I wondered when this subject matter would arise, Light-kun," he paused as if he were waiting for Light to say something, though Light hadn't a clue what he was expected to say, "Although we are both now aware that your intelligence is diminishing with every passing moment, I believe that you can still reach the correct deduction concerning this matter without any further prompting from myself."

"I'm not getting stupider, L," Light mumbled absent-mindedly, before beginning to consider the mystery L had presented to him. His father had moved on...His father was no longer a ghost? Ghosts were commonly portrayed as souls doomed to forever wander the world aimlessly tied down by some sort of unfinished business...So his father had finished all of his business but L and himself had not? No. That wasn't all. Light could never move on because after such a lost, wandering soul finishes their business they pass on to either heaven or hell.

"It looks like you have a theory, may I hear it?" L asked, his disgusting grin growing.

"My dad moved on to..." well he doubted that his father had any reason to go to hell, so, "heaven, but you can't yet because you have some sort of unfinished business, and I will never be able to because I wrote in the Death Note, correct?"

L nodded his head, looking a bit impressed, "Partially. Well, very close, actually. I am rather glad that Light-kun has not turned into an imbecile, you had me quite concerned."

"Get on with it, L."

L smiled at him, further stalling his explanation. "I can move on to heaven, or I suppose hell, though that seems rather unlikely, whenever I choose to do so. You are correct however, that you will be forced to remain here in this state for eternity, unfortunately. And yes, your father already moved on, and is, I'm quite sure, currently in heaven. He wanted to stick around to watch the case progress as much as I did, but I promised him that I would tell him the outcome of the case once I leave for heaven, and that seemed to set him at ease."

"Well then, I'm glad that he's in heaven, he certainly deserves it," Light whispered, his voice a bit weaker than it had been a moment before.

"Yes, I agree with you on that front. Though I am uncertain what I will tell him when I join him...I suppose that I cannot tell him that you died or he will come to expect your arrival in heaven, which is an amusing thought considering that were you able, you would obviously go to hell..."

"Shut up, L. You'll probably wind up going to hell. That would be wonderful. Yes, I'm sure that you'll go to hell for trying to prevent my utopia from coming to fruition."

"In that case wouldn't your father also have gone to hell, Light-kun?" L asked with a manufactured expression of curiosity on his face.

"Shut up, dammit. He's completely different from you."

"Ah, Light-kun has reverted back to his limited vocabulary...please attempt to refrain from saying the words, "shut up" for the next twenty minutes so that I may test my theory."

"Shu-shit," Light mumbled, immediately realizing his mistake.

"Light-kun really has become an imbecile...that is horribly unfortunate. I always did find the depths of his mind quite fascinating."

"L, this conversation is going nowhere, stop wasting my time."

"Why? What are you intending to do with your time, Light-kun? I assure you that you will have the rest of eternity to walk around aimlessly, completely unable to alter anything in the world around you."

"If being here is so pointless and boring then why are you still here, L!? You saw the outcome of the case, I'm dead, you got your way, so just go to heaven or hell or whatever already, dammit! Leave me alone, I neither want nor need your company!"

L's bit down harder on his thumbnail as Light unchained his anger, but aside from that, he seemed entirely unaffected. "Alright, Light-kun, if you would really rather be constantly surrounded by people and yet capable of speaking to no one, then be my guest. Just keep in mind that I tried my best to alleviate your suffering and it is your fault alone that you refuted my assistance." L moved his thumb out of his mouth and took a step away from Light, "I am

confident that it is not possible for me to come back from heaven once I go there, so I hope that you are positive that you are making the correct decision, Light-kun. Honestly, who knows when Misa Amane will die... You may have quite a few hellishly tedious years ahead of you. I know what it's like, Light-kun, I have already spent nearly six years in this state and I promise you that it is a fate worse than death. But I remained here for your sake, though it now seems that my endeavor was pointless and I..."

"Shut up, L!" Light screamed again, "You don't deserve to go to heaven! If you're willing to stay here and suffer with me, then I want you to suffer!"

L's smirk quickly returned, "What a clever way of admitting that you need me, Light-kun. I'm quite flattered."

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><p>I haven't written anything but essays in nearly a year and writing this was so hard. Trying to brush away a year of rust and writer's block, ah. I bet it really sucks, but I'm just so relieved to have finally typed something up that I really don't care.

Thank you so very much for reading this and I'll try to have the next chapter out for you as soon as possible. :) I know that they probably weren't super-duper in character and that this chapter was a ton of bickering back and forth, but I'll try to make it more accurate and interesting as I go along. Thank you for your patience...

End
file.